



A PICTURE AND A PARABLE.

An old-time tale, warm and wide,
Starring our modern manners.
Where backward morals, side by side,
Fringed up their rival banners.
And amid their mingled colors, fast
The flying shadows after.
A youth and comfort grew at last
From shining in the silver store
Now glittering in the silver store
Of a household with a story.

The father's name was John,
But tendered the first light glow,
And earnest as planning
Upon a boy with a lot of rose,
To baby's first dancing.
About a loving father's knee,
Where beams of care unbending
To love all the baby's doings,
In father's fondness leading;
While, with his loving smile for all,
The mother's love was never
Moving gently through her kingdom small,
Not long for any other.
But more in a baby's way,
Whether on earth there may be
As that such a baby,
Full with the baby's story,
My childish fancy created,
And which the scene that most of all
I like to see repeated;
How, when his father's bidding-pipe out,
The boy could not discover,
While he stood with puzzled face
Turning the matter over;
Then stooped with sudden roguery
And an arm of mock confusion,
And pressed between his lips to see
If there was a hole in it;
And how the trick brought page out,
With sudden play of laughter,
And forsook his father's side,
And still the frolic after.

And still my fancy lingers in
The pretty scene of yore,
And thinks a deeper sense to win,
As from an allegory:
For what do we, dear children, write—
More wisdom than father's words,
Teaching beneath our lips and feet
Of truth to find the father?
Let us be true to our fathers,
His words of wisdom to hold;
The warmth and love-light of his care
By day and night to hold;
And when we are grown to men,
And scenes of earth forsake,
His presence still our souls shall keep,
His words be with us as we sleep;
Do not forget the father's part,
To comfort them that fear him.
And when they are grown to men,
And scenes of earth forsake,
His presence still our souls shall keep,
His words be with us as we sleep;
Do not forget the father's part,
To comfort them that fear him.

—RICH W. LITTLE IN HUNTER'S MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY.

Is There Life on the Moon?

It is a generally-received opinion among astronomers that the moon is a dead star, and that desolation reigns at least on the side turned toward the earth, though there is every evidence of a tremendous action of organic forces in former ages. Our gentle neighbors, examined through the most far-seeing telescope, give no trace of a wave of atmosphere, a drop of moisture, or a breath of animate life. Her mission was ended, and every form of living organism that ever existed on her surface had its day, and returned to primitive oblivion, while the dead satellite, as the previous about the earth, obeys those great physical laws that preserve the symmetry of the material universe as exactly as if her surface were peopled with myriad forms of animate and inanimate life. The "man in the moon" is also an effective preacher, as, looking upon terrestrial prosperity, and pointing to his own sterile abode, he solemnly declares that in the future, the earth in her turn will be a wasteland of dead stars, her life exhausted by the restless march of time, and nothing left but mountains and extinct volcanoes to tell the story of the brilliant pageant now unfolding her domain. The current belief in regard to the condition of the moon is, however, not implicitly accepted, for there are always heterodox individuals in astronomy, as well as in everything else, who have pet theories to air and advocate, and who like nothing better than to make innovations upon accepted belief. The elder Herschel affirmed that on one occasion he saw the flames of an active volcano in the moon. Only ten years ago Prof. Winlock of Cambridge watched, or thought he did, for two successive nights a lunar volcano in full eruption. Science and poetry have combined to immortalize the "rose-colored cloud" that once floated over the crater Linxus. Dr. Allen went a step farther and recently announced the discovery of a new crater on the lunar surface.

Not the lunar excitement has broken out afresh. The controversy is renewed in a communication to the *Scientific American*, in which Mr. John Hammes and his son assert that they witnessed a lunar eruption at Okaloosa, Iowa, on the evening of the 12th of last November. Mr. Hammes is an observer whose character and experience entitle him to consideration. He owns a six-and-a-half inch telescope, and travels round the country for the purpose of showing the moon and planets, through his telescope, to the various schools and colleges which may desire his services. His familiarity with the phases of the moon, and his experience in handling the instrument, are therefore beyond question. He describes the phenomenon as resembling in color and visibility the ordinary mountain scenery of the moon. The son witnessed the same eruption, although in his view the eruptive streaks were less fan-shaped than they appeared to his father. Astronomers in this country and in Europe are constantly observing the moon, and it is highly probable that if a volcanic eruption really took place, some one among them would confirm the observations made by Mr. Hammes and his son. Prof. Smith, of Athens, has spent thirty-six years in making a map of the moon, and he knows every feature on its surface as well as ordinary persons know the letters of the alphabet. An eruption like the one described could hardly take place without leaving behind some mark of its presence, which the learned professor would not fail to detect.

After all, the moon may not be so dead as is generally imagined, and stranger events have been substantiated

In astronomical annals than the outburst of some pen-up volcano on the lunar surface.—*Providence Journal.*

Parents and Children.

These two titles embrace a great majority of the community, and indeed in one sense the whole of it. They also embrace the most important part of the community, which is the first commonwealth, and the foundation of civil government. The Divine promises, counsels and admonitions to parents are numerous in Scripture, but they are nearly always coupled with exhortations to children; and children are spoken of as the greatest treasure of parents. The relation which the Lord has made so intimate and has specially sanctified by one of the Ten Commandments should be very intimate and as enduring as life itself. Parental and filial love should go hand in hand until death do them part, and even survive that.

But in order to establish this love there must be mutual acquaintance and mutual respect. The father who never sees his children except when they are asleep, can expect no love from them, and perhaps feels little or none for them. The father who comes home mauling or raging with drink, and terrifying his children for their lives, can expect no love from them. The father who, though he comes home in good time perfectly sober, yet spends all his home hours in reading or some other occupation, without showing any interest in his children's pursuits, can expect just as little love from them as he shows to them. The father who takes such a deep, morbid interest in his children that he is constantly checking or reproving them for something or another, can expect no love from them. Affection must grow out of companionship, and the parents who make themselves the companions of their children by entering into their pursuits, sympathizing with their difficulties, and taking a share in their amusements as well as their studies, will be remembered for life in the most endearing way by their children. The reason why the influence of mothers is so much more frequently referred to, is because they much oftener become the companions and confidants of their children than fathers—indeed, it is somewhat rare to find the latter willing to come down to the level of their children's world. But when a case occurs in which a father has played with his children, and taken walks or drives with them, and helped them in their lessons and their little schemes and projects, that father's memory is as dear to them as any mother's can be.

An excellent aged Christian gentleman of this city once, when we expressed surprise that his children had all turned out so remarkably well in an atmosphere of city life and city schools, gave the following explanation, which we earnestly commend to the attention of all parents.

"When my children were young," he said, "there were no children in the neighborhood but my own. They played with me, so I just played with myself, often getting down on my hands and knees on the carpet to join in their games."—*N. Y. Herald.*

An Omish Wedding.

Doubtless many of our readers are familiar with the customs and habits of the religious sect known as the Omish; but it is to be questioned if many of them know how an Omish wedding is conducted. The Omish wedding is conducted in their simplicity of dress, and being more strict in their discipline. They also hold their religious meetings in private houses. Their own ministers perform the marriage ceremony, which is seldom the case with the Mennonites.

A wedding-day among them is an important event. All the relatives and friends of the families assemble at an early hour. A stranger to pass by and see the yellow carriages in groups in a field adjacent to the house would be awe-stricken. On the arrival of the guests, each one unhitches from the carriage his own horse and secures for him a place in the stable. The ceremony begins at eight a. m. The bride and groom, with their attendants, occupy a room and sit face to face, the men on one side, and the women on the other. The remaining guests sit in other apartments of the house. The services consist in singing and preaching (all in German), and when this is over, which lasts till twelve o'clock, the couple to be married advance to the preacher and the wedding ceremony is pronounced. Then follows the dinner. In a short time the tables are fitted up and bountifully supplied with roast turkey, beef and vegetables. To this all who can find room sit down, after which the tables are again supplied with cake and wine, at which the young people congregate and spend an hour in singing, when they partake of the delicacies spread before them. Men persons then follow and entertain the guests.

At six o'clock a supper is spread, which remains on the table during the night. It is at this hour (six o'clock) the festivities begin. All repair to the barn, which has been thoroughly cleaned for the occasion, and indulge in the old-time plays. These amusements are kept up till after midnight, when all parties wind their way homeward.—*Lancaster (Pa.) New Era.*

Two devil runs an immense manufactory of excuses. They are of all sizes and shapes, suited to every possible occasion, and such is the demand for them that it is impossible to overstock the market.—*N. Y. Herald.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The two oldest Unitarian ministers in the country—by ordination—are the Rev. Calvin Lincoln, of Hingham, Mass., and the Rev. Increase Sumner Lincoln, of Wilton, N. H., both of whom were ordained in 1824.

The certain extent the churches in Rome represent the different trades. There is a church for coachmen, barbers, carpenters, clockmakers, bakers, wine-sellers, tailors, innkeepers, boatmen, and so on to the end of the list of occupations. Each trade is jealous and proud of its congregation and church, and they vie with each other in glorifying it by contributing to its funds.

Maine has now 4,125 school-houses, and her school property is valued at \$306,348. There are 2,553 male teachers and 5,929 female teachers employed in the State. The average wages of the former are now \$52.93 per month; of the latter, \$3.98 per week. In the past ten years the male teachers' wages have been increased only \$3.13, and those of the female teachers \$1.64. The amount expended for the schools last year was \$956,648. The school population numbers 214,797.

At a recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Boston, the Rev. Alexander McKenzie delivered an address on "The Sabbath Question," in which he said: "If reading the prayers or going to sacred concerts reminds us of the resurrection of Christ, these are very good things to do on the Sabbath; but such sacred concerts as make every one laugh in their sleeve when they call them so, are not good things to attend on that day."

From the *Catholic Directory* for 1879, which has just been issued, it appears that there are in Great Britain at the present time twenty-one Archbishops and Bishops of the Roman Catholic faith, 2,175 priests and 1,396 churches. These figures show an increase over those of the previous year of thirty-nine priests and thirty-eight churches. In Scotland, where the hierarchy has been recently re-established, there are six Bishops, 272 priests and 261 churches and stations.

As Chinese children are not permitted to enter the San Francisco public schools, those who have embraced Christianity are taught in the Union Mission in the old Globe Hotel. The school has two sessions, one conducted by an American woman, the other by Hung Mung Chung, a Sze Chinese scholar, and said to be a lineal descendant of Confucius. Last year Hung Mung Chung was baptized and became a member of the Protestant Church for Chinese. Each session of the school is closed by singing and repeating the Lord's Prayer—in the morning in English, in the afternoon in Chinese.

The seating capacity of the churches of the State of New York is sufficient for 2,600,000 persons. The number of church members of all denominations is 1,500,000. The aggregate value of churches and church property is \$117,510,000. A recent writer says: "The three denominations having the largest number of organizations are the Methodist, 1,785; Baptist, 823, and Presbyterian, 704. Largest number of sittings: Methodist, 619,800; Roman Catholic, 585,000, and Presbyterian, 335,000. In membership, however, the Roman Catholic Church is far ahead of all others, the three largest being: Catholic, 582,000; Methodist, 151,000, and Presbyterian, 112,000. The Protestant Episcopal denomination owns the largest amount of church property, \$24,602,000; the Roman Catholic comes next with \$22,700,000, and the Presbyterian third, with \$19,115,000. The sum annually paid for salaries of clergymen is \$5,310,000, of which the Methodists pay \$1,143,000; the Presbyterians, \$952,000, and the Episcopalians, \$811,000. The average for each organization in the State is \$840."

Tobacco for Boys.

In the National Academy for the Education of Officers for the Navy, a license to smoke and chew tobacco has been given. Not only so, but it has been given in a spirit of levity and with an impress of ignorance which are not creditable to the commanding officer. When Com. Parker lately issued permission for the Naval Cadets to use tobacco, he said that he had concluded to grant "the privilege" against the opinion of many people for whom he entertained the highest respect. But, as smoking was an expensive practice, he thought that the boys who did not use tobacco had better not contract the habit. It was really a question of poisoning, and this unthinking Superintendent treated it as a mere matter of spending money. The boy who smokes cigars or chews tobacco, poisons himself. This is a very true, and the teacher does not know it is unfit to be trusted with the charge and government of boys. He who passively encourages boys to smoke or chew is a corrupter of youth. Among the charges employed to excite popular fury against a certain eminent citizen of Greece, and to bring him to death, was that he corrupted the youth of the Republic. As human nature is constituted, the charge was sure to obtain a hearing. If believed, it was equally sure to bring the judgment that the accused was a public enemy and unfit to live.

It is too late to enlarge upon the evil effects of tobacco upon the immature man. Science long ago fixed beyond doubt or controversy the numerous

symptoms of the presence of this poison.

These have been classified by all schools of medicine. The medical literature of what is called "the regular school," in England and France, treating of the diseases of modern society, gives large space to the evil results flowing from the use of tobacco. Hahnemann, and his school, give pages and pages of details of the disastrous effects of nicotine upon the human system. It is a prolific cause of deadly paralysis.

Unquestionably, one of the most lamentable evils which afflict the rising generation flows from the early use of tobacco. Street boys who are not yet out of child's clothes snatch the discarded stubs of cigars of grown men and smoke them in apish imitation of their elders. Lads at school acquire a taste for tobacco by surreptitiously smoking cigarettes—cigarettes which have done more to demoralize and vitiate youth than all the drug-shops of the land. Evil education has two corruptions—the corruption of the body and the corruption of the soul. The bodily mechanism of boys of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen and nineteen years of age can be as thoroughly injured by insidious poisons as they can be soiled by wicked teaching. What manner of men shall they be, when this generation is grown, if lads of every degree shall be taught to use tobacco? What hope for posterity when the children of to-day are poisoned and dwarfed by a pernicious habit?—*N. Y. Times.*

Early Days of Gas-Lighting.

THE use of gas for the purpose of producing artificial light was first introduced by a Mr. Murdoch, of Redruth, in Cornwall. As early as 1792 this gentleman lighted his house with gas made in an apparatus of his own construction. It was not, however, until 1803 that an attempt was made to introduce it into London, when Mr. Winsor lectured on the subject and exhibited a specimen of gaslight at the Lyceum. A company called the National Light and Heat Company was soon after projected by Mr. Winsor and his supporters; and in January, 1807, with the view of convincing Parliament and the public of the practical nature of their scheme, the company lighted Pall Mall from St. James' Street to Cockspur Street.

According to his (Mr. Winsor's) calculations, "founded on official experiments," the profits were to be so large as to insure to the shareholders an annual interest of £570 (\$2,629) for every £3 (\$25) invested in the undertaking. He estimated that the value of the reudinary products would reach nearly £250,000 (\$1,150,000,000) per annum. The Government was also promised that the scheme would produce in a short time less than £100,000 (\$450,000) in the way of taxes. These extravagant estimates naturally had the effect of exciting ridicule and opposition. In 1809 application was made to Parliament for an act to incorporate a company to be called the London and Westminster Chartered Gaslight Company, but owing to the prejudice that was entertained, chiefly from the idea that gas-lighting was attended with danger, the bill was thrown out. Mr. Wilberforce, by whom it was strongly opposed in the House of Commons, said he considered the scheme "one of the greatest bubbles that had ever been imposed on public credulity."

The application, however, was renewed in the following year, and this time it was successful. But still the lighting of a town with gas was for some time looked upon as a visionary scheme both by the public and by men of science. Sir Humphrey Davy is reported to have asked, as a sneer, whether it was intended to use the dome of St. Paul's as a gasometer. With the view of inducing persons to adopt their invention, the gas company, in the first instance, supplied shops and houses both with gas and fittings free of charge. After the year 1814 gas came more generally into use for lighting both streets and houses, but it was terribly dear. In 1815, the price was 18s. (\$3.75) per 1,000 cubic feet, and the amount consumed was reckoned at, meters being then unknown. The extravagant promises as to the profits to be derived were not destined to be realized; and, indeed, for several years no dividends whatever were paid. It is a curious fact that it was for some time believed that gas would have the effect of heating the pipes through which it passed; and when the passages of the House of Commons were first lighted with gas, the architect caused the pipes to be fixed four or five inches from the walls, for fear of fire. On the other hand, a patent was taken out for making gas pipes of wood and paper. On the first introduction of the new light, the demand for pipes was so great that for some little time there was considerable difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply, and a market-barrage was secured together were used for the purpose. Westminster Bridge was lighted with gas in 1818. In the following year the Parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, set the example to the parishes by removing the oil-lamps and substituting gas in their place; and, by 1820, it was pretty generally used throughout the metropolis. As an illustration of the strong prejudice there was against the new light, and of the length of time this feeling existed, it may be mentioned that the Haymarket Theater was not lighted by gas until April, 1833, the proprietor binding the lessee to adhere to the old-fashioned mode of lighting with oil.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

How the Trout Sometimes Takes a Fly.

Considerable discussion has lately taken place in regard to the manner of a trout taking a fly, authorities appearing to differ in their views of the matter. From the following communication on this subject, by our townsman, Mr. French, an angler noted for his modesty as for his skill in the "gentle art," it appears indisputable that "the salmon formidably occasionally does perform the gyration, in rising to a fly, of first slapping it with his tail, ere taking it in the mouth."

"Almost any trout fisherman knows that the habits of trout vary almost as much as do the habits of those who fish for them; and this, too, in waters not remotely distant from each other. I know that they sometimes strike a fly with their tail before taking it in their mouths; as I have seen them do it in three several localities, but I do not believe it is their general custom."

In 1876, while fishing for trout in Lake Ely, in the Adirondacks, I saw this done several times, and as it was the first time I had ever seen it, I watched it with a good deal of interest. The water was very clear, and my cast from thirty to forty feet, so that I could see all their movements distinctly. I had taken several trout of one-half pound weight which first struck with their tail, and made another cast, when a large fellow rose and struck the tail fly, a red *Libellula*, with his tail; I struck hard at the same time, and hooked him firmly through the roots of the tail, when he immediately had business at the bottom of the lake, and with his first rush took nearly fifty feet of line before I could snub him. How that reel did whirl! Then followed a series of rushes and plunges that made my blood tingle now to think of. He leaped into the air again and again, trying to shake himself loose, but he was firmly hooked, and that book evidently spurred him to put forth his best efforts continually, for he kept me busy for nearly half an hour, and still seemed as fresh as ever, when I determined to see which was the stronger, his tail or my tackle, and began reeling in. The reel—an eight-ounce one—bent and quivered from tin to reel, and the line would occasionally twang like a bow-string as he jerked it just in some of his fierce plunges; but reel, line and tail all held, and as I landed him on my raft—a pump beauty weighing a trifling over two pounds—my shout of triumph awoke the echoes in the old woods for miles around.

"I do not wish to be understood that all the trout in this lake struck with their tails first, but that I saw it done several times. I also saw it done several times about ten miles above Albany Bridge, where Perrine's Creek empties into the Oswegatchie River, and also saw chub do the same thing, while fishing for trout just below the dam at Cranberry Lake, but have never witnessed it in any of the other lakes or streams in that vicinity. What I have seen convinces me that trout do sometimes take a fly in this way, but not generally."—*Rochester Express.*

A Romance of the Snow Blockade.

The particulars of the affair have just come to our possession, and, although it is to be presumed that the parties most intimately interested have no particular desire to court notoriety on account of their romantic experience, it will do no harm so long as no names are mentioned. It may be stated, however, that the hero of the affair is a bookkeeper in a prominent manufacturing establishment in this city, and that he loved, both wisely and well, a maiden who resided with her parents in a small village a few miles from this side of New York City. That she did not entirely discourage his suit may be inferred from the fact that they had decided to marry and become as one on Christmas Day, and every preparation was made for the consummation of their earthly hopes. The ceremony, of course, was to be performed at the young lady's home, and the day before Christmas the expected groom packed his dress suit in a trunk and started for the scene in which he was to play so important a part. But occasionally the best-laid plans are most effectually blocked, and in this case the snow came down to take a little hand in the game. The drifts grew deeper, conductors commenced to look serious and the result may be readily guessed. The train was stuck fast in a snow-drift, the snow was constantly increasing, and the outlook, to say the least, was rather dubious. Forty miles had the young man to go, but it might as well have been four hundred. As the hours came and went he became desperate, and at last telegraphed to the to-be-father-in-law the situation. The reply came: "Come on; we are waiting for you." But the young man couldn't go, and he so intimated over the telegraph wires. At last it came the hour for the ceremony, and guests and relatives had assembled at the house, while the minister was anxiously expected. Only one thing was wanting, and that was the young man who was tearing out his hair in the snow-bank. Everyone knows the prejudices existing against postponed marriages, and the bride wept, but without avail, though her tears were warm enough and copious enough to have thawed the snow for twice the distance. Among the guests was a telegraph operator, and in a happy moment he was struck by a bright thought, and he lost no time in communicating it. Distance should be obliterated and the couple should be married by the aid of telegraph. The guests were delighted with the suggestion, the bride dubious, but, at last she consented to make the experiment.

Fortunately, the telegraph office was not far distant, and the wire was soon stretched to the house, while the operator got his instruments in order and made a connection. The young man was notified of what had taken place and what was about to take place, and instructed to conduct himself accordingly. He was a little dazed by the scheme, but soon recovered, and, taking his place at the side of the operator in the station, he announced that he was ready for business. The minister made the service as short as possible, but the replies came very readily, and were awaited with breathless interest by the assembled company. It was a curious scene, and when at last the minister announced "What love (he was a Unitarian) and the telegraph have joined together let no man cut asunder," there was an enthusiastic round of applause. The young man was not there, and yet he was married. The girl was not within forty miles of the man she loved, and yet she married him. It was the triumph of science over difficulties.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.*

A New Hodge.

"You're a reporter, are you?" inquired a broad-shouldered, stumpy-looking man yesterday. "I was reading in 'that thing in your paper about the fellows who's a-swindlin' bar-tenders with that padlock trick. That's only one out of a hundred tricks the rascals are up to. Here's a new wrinkle: There came into my place the other night a sick-lookin' young fellow with nice, white-lookin' hands, that I dropped to right away. There was several of the boys in there takin' their nip. By and by the talk got on sleight-of-hand tricks. I see the stranger's eyes begin to glisten, a sort of as though he was about to show his hand. He asks for a glass of water, and takes it in his hand. Then he puts with a nice white, perfumed handkercher. Then he inquires 'has any gentleman a half dollar?' Of course one was produced, 'cause the boys want to see what's up next. Then he takes the half-dollar between his fingers, puts the perfumed handkerchief over both and covers the glass. Then he gets one of the company to take hold of a roundish thing in the handkercher, which a yobody would swear was the half dollar. 'Now, let her drop,' he says, 'withdrawn' his own hand. And drop she does, and the jingle is heard plain enough, but you can't see anything, 'cause the handkercher covers the glass. Then the nigger in the woodpile comes in. 'I'll bet any gentleman here, the gentlest feller says, 'that that half-dollar isn't in the glass.' 'O, git out,' half the boys say, 'why, we heard it drop.' 'Well, if you're all so dead sure,' he says, 'why don't you put your stamps up, that it is in there?' The upshot is that, thinkin' they had a sure thing of it, two of 'em did bet him a dollar, just for the fun of the thing. Then he lifts off the handkercher and they all crowd around him and peep in the tumbler, and nary half-dollar is there. 'I'll be gosh blamed,' says each of the fellows who lost their cash, 'if that ain't wonderful!' Then his nits pockets his winnings, and empties his glass of water, but not too quick for me to see that he catches between his fingers a roundish piece of glass, just the size of a half-dollar. That's what fixed their flints. When that rascal pretended to drop the half-dollar in the glass, he let fall that circular thing, which as must have had concealed in his coat-sleeve beforehand, and substituted it for the half-dollar. Of course, when it fell into the tumbler, it just fitted the bottom, and, being transparent, when the fellers looked in they couldn't tell it from the bottom of the tumbler. Maybe they wasn't smart when I told 'em, after he'd gone, about that glass thing."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Bijah and His Boots.

"What on earth ails you this time?" sharply demanded the Court, as Bijah limped across his path to the desk. "Boots," was the brief reply. "Who booted you?" "I want it understood that I've got a new pair of boots, and that they hurt my feet," answered the janitor. "Where are they—show 'em to me?" Bijah limped into the corridor and brought out one. He was a little pale around the mouth, and his voice trembled as he said: "It's plenty big enough, but the heel don't set right." His finger looked from the boot to Bijah's foot and back, and a look of horror scolded down upon his face as he said: "Well, I'm now ready to lay down and die! When a man seventy-eight years old, bald-headed, ugly-looking, and with hands as big as wall-baskets, will deliberately try to crowd a No. 13 foot into a No. 12 boot, we might as well go under ground."

"That boot is worn out," persisted Bijah. "Too big! Too big! Bijah, have you decided in your old age to gain notoriety as a falsifier? Too big! Great guns! but they'll have to have a second story added before you could wear a stocking with 'em!"

Bijah walked away with quivering chin. It isn't right for anyone to abuse another's feet. Feet are something none of us can help, especially big feet.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Women in England did not acquire the right of choosing husbands for themselves until the tenth century, and in other European countries, much later.

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As we write Rob. 4th, the wife of

John Gardner, living 3 miles out on

base line, is not expected to live the

week out. She has been sick for a

long period.

Parties visiting Holly, and wishing

good hotel accommodations, will do

well to step into the Exchange, direct-

ly opposite the depot, kept by Capt.

Penny, formerly of Detroit.

The wife of G. L. Liguana, of Orid,

formerly of this place, died Jan. 25th.

The corpse was brought here for bur-

ial, and the funeral took place on the

27th from the Presbyterian church.

Homer Scott is in Louisiana, near

New Orleans, in company with Mr.

Estabrook, brother of the Professor of

that name. They are raising a large

quantity of vegetables for the North-

ville markets.

An advertisement appears in an-

other column from our enterprising

lumber dealer, G. S. Van Zile. As

will be seen from particulars, there is

he has a good and varied stock and can

without doubt suit any and all par-

ties in material and prices.

Some people have been very au-

dacious for an opera house and now

to have one. It will be built in sim-

ilar style to the Northville opera

house, brick veneered, and will seat

about same number.

Bear this in mind, that the man

who will read a newspaper three or

four years without paying for it, will

pasture a goat on the grave of his

grandfather.—New York Tribune.

Roswell Herrick, and wife, of Ply-

mouth, are regular attendants at the

Baptist church here, having severed

their connection with their home

church for reasons probably best

known to themselves.

Mrs. Lizzie Milne, daughter of J.

M. Swift, returned to her home at

Fall River, Mass., Wednesday, 29th.

Annie Houser, the servant girl for

a long time past in the Dr. family,

returned with her and will remain.

"Oh, what shall I do to be saved?"

from using this hard-running ma-

chine? Buy one of the new light run-

ning American Sewing Machines

with a self-setting needle and self-

threading mechanism. It is a regular

novelty. Try it, and you will buy it.

The lady lecturer, referred to in an-

other column, did not favor this office

with her presence, or even extend

usual courtesies in return for expect-

ed press notices. An editor although

generally blessed, might possibly

have a mother or sister, suffi-

ciently intelligent to appreciate a

good lecture.

Benjamin Gardner is still quite ill

but not dangerously so. He con-

tinually sits up and converses with

patients. Guess Uncle Ben will be

able to eat his railroader for a long

time yet. Mrs. Gardner is giving him

the attention a wife could and is

in good spirits notwithstanding her

illness.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Allen, late

Litchfield, Ill., who were married here

in the 27th have been visiting since

that event with a brother of the

promising young lady, Mr. Geo

Allen. They are now in town for a

few days, and will then return to the

home of Mr. Allen, near Rochester,

N. Y., to remain.

In Memoriam.

In this number of the Record we

have to chronicle the death of one of

our old and most worthy citizens,

Mrs. Jna. Gardner. Miss Jna. Ben-

ning was born in South Williamstown,

Mass., and was reared among the

rugged hills, and trained amidst the

genuine principles of New England,

until the age of 23 she became the

wife of the now deceased John Gar-

dner. Soon after their union they

sought a home in what was at that

time "The West," and settled on the

farm from which she has so recently

been removed to the "narrow house."

Mrs. Gardner inherited an excellent

constitution, which soon became im-

paired by her excessive industry, and

motherly, Christian carelessness for all

with whom she associated. For

several years her health has been

gradually failing and about a year

and a half ago, organic difficulty of

the heart, seems to have developed

most fearful and fatal manner.

Her death, which terminated her life

on Wednesday, the 5th inst. in her

65th year.

Of her four children, but one sur-

vives, Mrs. Geo. Kator, of this village.

One sister and one brother living near

Pittsfield, Mass., and one brother

living near Lawrence, Kansas, are

like her, and like all true sons and

daughters of New England, are loved

and respected by all among whom

their lot in life may be cast.

Mother is gone—the fierce sharp pains are

over. The cruel throats that tortured her were

have ceased at last, and rest forever more

in her: Best, blessed, and O peace in death!

Yes, she is gone, the world is better now.

Oh, that the world were better now!

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ers of the day. She is a graduate of

the Government school of cookery, in

London, England, and understands

the practical details of the kitchen, as

well as the hygienic requirements of

the bathroom, the nursery and the

closet.

An Old Pioneer Goes to His Final Rest.

Paul Hazen died at home near

Plymouth, Jan. 24th, aged 84 years.

He was one of the earliest settlers in

this township, and lived nearly 50

years on the farm on which he died.

His funeral was attended by a large

concourse of people, many of whom

had shared with him the experiences

and privations of pioneer life while

Michigan was yet a Territory.

At his residence, 114 California Street.

About two weeks ago there arrived

in this State from Northville, Mich.,

500,000 white fish eggs, which were

forwarded to California by the Gov-

ernment. They were well looked

after and hatched out at San Laro-

dio. On Saturday 150,000 were tak-

en to the mountains with the inten-

tion of being planted in Lake Tahoe,

but a snow storm occurred and those

in charge of the fish finding that they

could not get through to the lake

planted them in Donner Lake. Last

Saturday night 200,000 were forward-

ed for planting in Tahoe and 150,000

were sent for Eagle Lake and other

waters in its vicinity. The remaining

100,000 are to be placed in lakes in

Monterey and Tulare counties.—Sac-

ramento (Cal.) Bee.

What, all right, if you don't get me

what I want, I won't have any. I

am

[illegible]